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BY THOMAS W. PEGUES.

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## BATTLES WITH THE INDIANS.

A correspondent of the St. Louis New Era, writing from Fort Mann, on the 28th ult., gives an account of two engagements between the Indians of the Platte and a portion of the Santa Fe Battalion. The first party left Fort Mann on the 7th of July, Capt. Griffin in command, with two subalterns, Lieuts. Eldridge and Benson.

On the 8th, signs of Indians were discovered, the command being then encamped on the Cimarron. On the 9th an advance was ordered, and a Mexican boy, who had been a prisoner with the Camanches, was taken. He stated where the Camanche families were encamped, some eight or nine miles distant, and volunteered to conduct the command to the spot.

Capt. Griffin ordered the movement of the whole body towards the Indian encampment, which they reached about 3 o'clock, P. M. The Indians advanced to give battle, and a brass six pounder was put in requisition, and shots fired at the enemy, at the distance of two miles, but of course without effect. The Indians then took up a position on a hill in considerable numbers and the two Lieutenants, with separate commands, were sent to disperse them: the Captain with the six pounder, and a part of the command, remaining in statu quo.

The attack was made, and the Indians fled in every direction, but only one death was actually ascertained, although it was understood that Capt. Griffin had reported twenty-five or thirty killed. The Indians were afterwards dislodged from another hill; when, to the astonishment of all, the whole command was drawn off, very much to the chagrin and disappointment of officers and men—the captain saying "I am not going to have my command cut up." It was supposed that there were from eight hundred to a thousand lodges of Indians, and that they had from fifteen hundred to two thousand animals with them.

Afterwards another party was sent out in the same direction. It consisted of one hundred men, under the command of Captain Jones and Lieuts. Eldridge, Bain and Kohler. They had a brass six pounder and provisions for twelve days. Nothing remarkable occurred until the 20th, when the guide reported Indians in the direction of some groves of timber up the Cimarron river. The command was disposed in order of attack; Lieuts. Eldridge and Bain having separate commands, and Lieut. Kohler in charge of the brass piece.

On approaching the timber it was found to cover an area of more than fifty acres. A mounted Indian was at this time perceived on the hills, endeavoring by sign to draw the command in his direction; Lieut. Bain and his command was then ordered to examine the grove, and on entering it was quickly attacked on a hotly engaged hand to hand with a numerous body of Indians. Lieut. Eldridge was then dispatched with his command to the head of the grove, where he met and drove back the Indians, who were then retreating from Lieut. Bain. The enemy was now between the parties, who were closing towards each other, thus the destruction of the Indians was soon effected.

The number of the Indians seen was 41; of these, twenty-one were found dead by Capt. Jones personally—who has reported accordingly; but in general the command considered the killed to be nearer thirty; six escaped unhurt. The remainder were no doubt wounded and had, as was supposed, secreted themselves or taken into the creek. Lieut. Eldridge and privates Kirchbo, Vance, Hoover, and Williams, were severely wounded with arrows.

The Indians fought bravely and were all shot in the breast, (some having several wounds.) This was supposed to be a party of Pawnees. Capt. Jones then reconnoitered around and came on the abandoned camp of the Indians, which had been attacked by Lieuts. Eldridge and Benson, under Captain Griffin, on the 9th ult. The village appeared to have been abandoned with the greatest precipitation.

Lodges, lodge poles, saddles, bags of salt and provisions, being scattered over the ground in every direction; but after making every effort Capt. Jones was compelled to return without finding the fugitives. From various signs and circumstances he concluded they had proceeded onward toward the lower Canadian or the country between the Canadian and Red rivers.

Capt. Jones speaks in the highest terms of the conduct and bravery of the officers and men under his command. His only difficulty was in restraining their ardor, and though last not least, in the affair was the young liberated Mexican who fought with the most heroic bravery.

They who would be young when they are old, must be old when they are young.

## NEWLY DISCOVERED USE OF THE SUNFLOWER.

The most experienced in the cultivation of this plant, are sanguine that, with a proper soil and proper cultivation, it is more profitable than wheat or corn. The seeds are more oleaginous than those of the flax plant, and combine the qualities for table use of the best olive oil; for burning, of the best sperm, without its smoke; and for painting, it is said by painters who have used it, to be superior to linseed, and it is more rapid in drying, equally easy in spreading, and without forming a much denser coat. Prepared and eaten as artichokes, the young cups of this plant are very esculent and pleasing to the palate; the stalks are an excellent substitute for hemp or flax, and for bee pasturage. It is equal to any plant, yielding from its luscious and numerous nectaries, an abundance of the best and most palatable honey. A writer in one of our agricultural exchanges, says, that, on suitable soil, with proper cultivation, it will yield on an average, from eighty to one hundred bushels to the acre. From five to seven quarts of oil are calculated on, per bushel. If this is not over-estimating its productiveness, and it can be raised as cheaply as wheat or Indian corn, ordinarily considered the most expensive crops cultivated, the sunflower must be a very profitable production. We have heretofore cultivated it on a small scale, usually in vacant spots, by the fences, and in places where the cultivation of other vegetables was neglected, and so far our experience goes, to corroborate the above assertions. We find that the green leaves are very excellent fodder for cows, especially when the feed in our pastures gets low in seasons of scarcity or drought. We generally commence plucking them in July, taking the lower leaves first, and feeding them out at night, or if scarcity of feed is great, in the morning, before turning them from their yards. We have sometimes given them corn toppings, and the leaves of the sunflower at the same time, and have found that the latter are invariably preferred. The seed of the sunflower is a most desirable food for poultry, its highly oleaginous nature wholly superseding the necessity for animal food.

## ACTIVE PURSUITS.

### THE BEST CURE FOR GRIEF.

Grief in whatever measure it may exist, will always be most obstinate and dangerous in those unengaged in active pursuits, and who have consequently leisure to brood over their troubles. Bodily and mental activity, and more especially when the result of necessity, must, by creating fresh trains of association, and diverting the thoughts into new channels, tend to weaken the potency of affliction. Nothing, in truth, serves more effectively to lighten the calamities of life, than steady and interesting employment. It is, as we conceive, that females are generally exempt from the cares and excitements of business, and confined at home to their own relatively tranquil domestic duties, that they so much often pine and sicken under wounded affections, than our more active and busy sex. Dr. Good observes, that "suicides are frequent in the distress of sieges, in the first alarm of civil commotions, or where they have subsided into a state of calamity and the miseries they induced are well pondered; but it seldom takes place in the activity of a campaign, whatever may be the fatigue, the privation, or the sufferings endured. On the fall of the Roman Empire, and throughout the revolution of France, self-destruction was so common at home, as at last to excite but little attention: It does not appear, however, to have stained the retreat of ten thousand under Xenophon, and according to M. Paret, was rare in the French army during its flight from Moscow.

Let every man, woman and child keep a little pulverized charcoal in their bed rooms, and on retiring at night, let them put as much of it as can be laid on a sponge in their mouths, and work it about among the teeth with the tongue; and it will not be long before there will be no decayed teeth for the dentist to fill with amalgam or pure gold either. Rise early in the morning, take exercise enough to make your breakfast relish well, and you will feel fresh and vigorous for the day's labor. Upon rising in the morning extend your arms out and force them back gently. This exercise will expand the chest, strengthen the lungs, and operate as a guard against pulmonary diseases.

**CANDYBERRIES A CURE FOR CANCER.**—We have seen it stated more than once, that the common candyberry was efficacious in the cure of cancer; but have never, until very recently, been an eye-witness to the fact. Mr. Middleton Bell, residing within four or five miles of this city, who was afflicted with a cancer on the nose for the last eight years, was induced to try candyberries applied as a poultice; and, to his great joy and satisfaction, has experienced a perfect and radical cure. We mention this fact at the instance of Mr. Bell, who is desirous that others, suffering under the same affliction, may avail themselves of this simple but valuable remedy. —*Tusculum Observer.*

**FEMALE SOCIETY.**—Without female society, it has been justly said that the beginning of men's lives would be hopeless, the middle without pleasure, and the end without comfort. The celebrated D'Alembert makes a reflection that does honor to the female sex and to his own feelings:—"We are in a peculiar manner," says he, "in want of the society of a gentle and amiable woman, when our passions have subsided, to participate in our cares, calm and alleviate our sufferings, and enable us to support our infirmities. Happy is the man possessed of such a friend!"

An exchange says:—We should like to see the newspaper that would suit everybody; it would be a curiosity. Such a thing never did nor never can have a place among the things of the earth, yet thousands are as-

tonished that the paper to which they are subscribers does not contain just such articles as they like to read best. One expects moral essays, another love tales and miscellany, another looks for a sermon, while all wonder that their particular taste is not suited—never for a moment supposing that an editor caters for the mental appetites of thousands.

**THE "NIGGERS" AGAINST CASS!**—If any further evidence were wanting of the soundness of Gen. Cass on the slavery question, it is given us in fact, that Fred. Douglass, a negro abolitionist orator, and Henry Bibb, a fugitive slave, were speakers at the Buffalo Convention, and vilified, without stint, the great Western Statesmen. From all accounts, the large majority of persons assembled on that occasion were Whigs, the late alliance which was formed in New York between the Clay wing of that party, Grinnell at its head, and the Barnburners, having been fully consummated. It is also believed, now, that so great is the disaffection among the Whigs of New York, that General Cass has a reasonable chance of getting a larger vote in that State than either of his opponents. The Democrats, at least, are in high spirits, and determined to make one grand struggle to put down all disorganizers and fanatics! May success attend them.

*Muscougee [Gen.] Democrat.*

**DREADFUL TRAGEDY.**—Under this head we find the following narrative in the Carrollton (Miss.) Democrat of the 23d ult.

"It seldom falls to the lot of a public journalist to record a more painful and distressing event, in all aspects, than occurred at the usually peaceful and quiet village of Middleton on Friday evening last, the 18th ultimo. Maj. John T. Brown and Dr. W. W. Liddell, both citizens of high character, had a rencontre, which resulted fatally to the former. The attack, we learn, was made by Major Brown, with a double barreled shot gun, which he deliberately aimed at Dr. Liddell, who was sitting in his office with Dr. Libson. The design, however, was arrested by Mr. Weissinger, who, by a blow, lowered the muzzle of the piece, and the contents were lodged in the door sill. Dr. Liddell then fired at Major Brown from his office—the charge of buck shot taking effect in the left side of the latter, and causing instant death.

"It is proper to add that Maj. Brown had given Dr. Liddell notice of an intention to kill him, which gave him time for preparation.

"Dr. Liddell immediately surrendered to the civil authorities; and, after examination of testimony, was discharged. Maj. Brown has always borne the character of an upright, peaceable, and law abiding citizen, and has never before, that we are aware, been guilty of an act which was calculated to disturb the peace or quiet of the community. The unhappy man is hence believed by the community, to have been partially deranged."

*From the Scientific American.*

## VALUE OF THE MECHANICAL CLASSES.

It is an old saying, that "republics are ungrateful." This is often too true, but no less true of republics than any other governments. Despotic, monarchical and oligarchical governments have been far deeper stained with acts of ingratitude, than republics. It is not by monuments reared in splendor to statesmen and warriors that we can estimate the depth of a nation's patriotism. No, no, it is not by these, but rather in the absence of neglect, and in justice done the deserving obscure, than in the heaped up glories showered down upon the memory of great and distinguished men.

This is particularly true of the mechanical classes of every country, and especially those of Great Britain. The most enthusiastic admirer of England may talk as he pleases of the glories and victories of "old England," and the names of Nelson and Wellington may be shouted with the most burning enthusiasm, yet where would have been their victories and where their mighty fleets and well provided armies, if Hargreave had not invented the spinning jenny? It was the mechanical genius, mechanical skill and industry of the operatives of Great Britain that made her wealthy, and enabled her to equip the armies of Austria, Russia and Prussia, to meet and vanquish the "Great Captain." Only for the wealth which flowed into England's coffers by the sale of her manufactures, she would be a poor country indeed, for she has not the natural capacities of agricultural greatness, but her mechanics have made her a great country and the men to whom she is most indebted, (with but very few exceptions) spring not from her nobles and aristocratic classes, but from her industrious humble poor.—Hargreave was poor-operative, Arkwright was a barber, and Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, was by no means of high descent. James Watt, the immortal improver of the steam engine, was but a poor mechanic, and Telford the great architect, and Rennie the great civil engineer, were mechanics, and George Stevenson, the successful locomotive improver and engineer, was but a working operative. To her living mechanics England is still indebted as she is still strong and energetic, and so is Bain, the greatest of England's living electrical engineers, and he too is a mechanic.

Now, what we want to exhibit, in calling attention to these things, is the neglect, the oversight displayed by governments in their readiness to honor other classes who are not so deserving. We know that a Herschell and a Rennie have been knighted, but where in the whole history of England can we find a man made a Peer of the realm, unless he has thundered in the Parliament house, or thundered on the battle-field! Blood and eloquence have been passports to the dignity of the peerage, while the mechanic might invent (and has invented) and raise England from the "dirt to the deity," in the manufacture of the steam engine, and yet he is not considered equal to the rich and idle dross class of exclusive title. The offices, too, of emolument and distinction, are exclusively the rich men's patrimony, and is the crushing weight that is driving so many excellent mechanics to this country, and which will be the means, in the course of twenty years more, of destroying the cotton manufacture of Britain, and making the mules and the looms of Manchester and Glasgow to whirl and whisk on the banks of many of the now lonely streams of Georgia and Alabama, instead of the banks of the Clyde and the Irwell.

In calling attention to the ingratitude of another government, we do not say that this is a governmental question, but it is evidence of the indwelling of a wrong unjust and haughty feeling in those classes, who by inheritance, are managers of government. This is just as true of all other governments, even our own, as it is of Britain, although that country presents the greatest contrast.

If we look to the many offices and the persons who fill them at our own fireside (if we may use the expression) we will find that we can point the finger to that management which necessarily belongs to all political organizations, and say as said the prophet to David, "thou art the man." Let these reflections be weighed well by all those who wish well for their country, and let there be more encouragement to the worthy of our producing classes irrespective of any thing but real worth. There is no doubt but that mechanical classes are more comfortable than those under any government, and they meet with more encouragement, still no one can doubt but there is still room for improvement. Let us then prove to the world as a nation, that towards all deserving classes of our citizens the Great American Republic is the most grateful of nations.

*From the Knickerbocker Magazine for July.*

## A CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

Betty's got another baby!  
Darling, precious little tyke!  
Gaudin—says—and she knows surely—  
That you never saw his like.

Isn't it a beautiful beauty,  
Lying there so sweet and snug?  
Mrs. Jones, pray stop your scandal,  
Darling's nose is not a pug!

Some one says 'tis 'Pa's all over,  
Whereat 'Pa' turns rather red,  
And to scan his features, quickly  
To the looking glass has fled;

But recovering his composure  
When he hears the nurse's story,  
Who admits that of all babies,  
This indeed is the crowning glory!

Aunt Elinda says she guesses—  
Says indeed, she knows it 'pos—  
That 'twill prove to be a greater  
Man than ever his father was;

Proving thus the modern truisie,  
Held by reverend doctors sage,  
That in babies, as in wisdom,  
This is a "progressive age."

Uncle Tom looks on and wonders  
At so great a prodigy;  
Close and closer still he presses,  
Thinking something brave to see.

Up they hold the babe before him,  
While they gather in a ring,  
But alack! the staggered uncle  
Vainly tries its praise to sing.

As he stares, the lovely infant,  
Nestling by its mother's side,  
Opens its little mouth and smiling,  
Gargles forth a milkie tide.

Uncle tries to hide his blushes,  
Looks about to find his hat,  
Stumbles blindly over a cradle,  
And upsets the startled cat.

Why, old who's such awkward blunders?  
Better far have stayed away;  
Not have thrust yourself where women  
Hold an undisputed sway.

Do you think that now they'll name it,  
As they meant to, a ter you,  
Wretched mortal, let me answer,  
You're deluded if you do!

Round about the pretty women  
Pass the helpless stranger now,  
Raptured with each nascent feature,  
Chin and mouth and eyes and brow;

And for this young babe of promise  
All neglect the rose in bloom,  
Eldon born, who, quite forgotten,  
Pouts within her lonely room.

Sound the stage horn! ring the cow bell!  
That the waiting world may know;  
Publish it through all our borders,  
Even unto Mexico.

Save your pen, old dreaming poet,  
And in numbers smooth as may be,  
Spread afar the joyful tidings,  
Betsey's got another baby.

## TOO MUCH FOR A WIFE.

Our sanctum was thrown into considerable confusion on last Saturday, by the entrance of a very pretty Dutch girl and her bachelor, who announced that they had come to get married. Esquire Hough was on hand in half a minute, and immediately bent his way with the love stricken swain, to the Clerk's office for a license. Hans was as ugly as the King of clubs, and about as graceful as a bear. Mary, on the other hand, was dark as India, and as warm—with large, languishing black eyes, and had a voice and smile of delicious sweetness. Don't laugh, reader it's as true as preaching. Neither need you ask why it is, that so pretty a girl would fall in love with so uncomely a subject. It is passing strange, but it is nevertheless true. Mary endeavored to explain, while Hans was gone, but it was all Dutch to us, and our readers must excuse us for not throwing more light on this vexed philosophical question. In half an hour Hans returned without the certificate, saying he didn't want her—it cost too much! Did you ever! Mary then agreed to furnish one-half. Hans still objected that a wife cost too much. The Squire agreed to perform the ceremonies without charges. Hans however, by this time had all the propensities of the bear aroused, and was utterly unmanageable. "Mary was a good enough wife," he said, "but she couldn't work."

Mary denied the charge and vented her feeling in a flood of tears. Hans stood immovable as the rock of Gibraltar.

It seems from the testimony of Mary that the "unfaithful one," had made love to her in Quincy, promising to take her "for better nor for worse," and got the consent of "father and mother" came to Keokuk to get married, and after giving her "bed and board" for one week, come to the conclusion that "eight quarter dollar" was too much to pay for a *fiore*. The *shame mottle* returned to Quincy and will forthwith commence suit.

*Keokuk Register.*

**A FREAK OF NATURE.**—A severe thunder storm passed over this city night before last, and several places were struck by lightning. A very singular occurrence took place at Mr. Robert's store on water street. Mr. R. was sleeping in the front part of his store, and during the storm, was suddenly awakened, feeling a tremendous pressure upon his head and want of breath. The room was filled with fire or lightning, flashing in all directions, exactly resembling the flashes of lightning from the clouds. Presently a loud explosion took place in the room, apparently as loud as a six-pound cannon, bursting all the windows over the door in the front end of the building, and filled the room with strong sulphurous smell. It was discovered in the morning that the lightning came through the roof, shivering a heavy plank standing in a partition. The room was full of splinters flying in the air when Mr. R. first awoke, and what is very singular, was the explosion some time after the bolt entered the roof. No marks of the lightning leaving the room, in the same shape in which it entered could be found.

*Detroit Advertiser.*

**"A FULL HEAD ON!"**—The Temperance people of Carbondale, Pa., celebrated the Fourth of July last by giving a dinner. Among the volunteer toasts we copy the following:

**The Rail Road to Ruin.**—Surveyed by Avarice, chartered by County Courts, freighted with drunkards, with Grog-shops for Depots, Runsmen for Engineers, Bar Tenders for Conductors, and Landlords for Stockholders. Fired up with Alcohol and boiling with Delirium Tremens. The groans of the dying are the thunders of the trains, and the shrieks of the women and children are the whistles of the Engines.

By the help of God we will reverse the steam, put out the fire, annul the Charter and save the freight.

A gentleman having a remarkably long visage, overhead a lad observe to another as he passed them, "that gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck with the singularity of the observation, he returned and requested an explanation. "Sir," said the boy, "I read at school that a man's life is but a span, and I am sure your face is double that length."

**SELECT MAXIMS.**—If the doctor cures, the sun sees it; but if he kills the earth hides it.

One hour's sleep before midnight, is worth two after.

Temperance, employment, and a cheerful spirit are the great preservers of health. That is not always good in the maw which is sweet in the month.

The difference between the poor man and the rich is, that the poor walks to get meat for his stomach, the rich a stomach for his meat.

The full stomach botheth the honey-comb, but to the hungry everything is sweet. The morning to the mountain, the evening to the fountain.

The choleric drinks, the melancholic eats, the phlegmatic sleeps. The head and feet keep warm, the rest will take no harm.

'Tis good to walk till the blood appears on the cheek, but not the sweat on the brow. We are usually the best when in the worst health.

"I like to see the dear creatures amuse themselves," said Mrs. Brown, when her oldest boy took a visitor's new bonnet and affixed it to the tail of his kite. "Never fear," said the good lady to her visitor, when she saw her bonnet in the air, "as soon as the kite comes down he will give it back to you."

**GOT NO FRIEND.**—We were traveling through Canada, says a contemporary. In the winter of 1839, and after a long day's ride, stopped at the Lion Inn; and the contents of the stage numbering about nine persons, soon gathered round the cheerful fire. Among the occupants of the room, we observed an ill looking cur, who had shown his wit by taking up his quarters in so comfortable an apartment. After a few minutes, the landlord entered, and, observing the specimen of the canine species, remarked:—

"Fine dog, that! Is he yours, sir?" appealing to one of the passengers.

"No, sir."

"Beautiful dog! Yours sir?" addressing himself to a second.

"No," was the blunt reply.

"Come here, pup! Perhaps he is yours, sir?"

"No," was the reply.

"Very sagacious animal! Belongs to you, I suppose, sir."

"No he doesn't," was the answer.

"Then he is yours, and you have a treasure, (throwing the animal a cracker.)

"Nothing of the kind."

"Oh! (with a smile,) he belongs to you as a matter of course!" addressing himself to the last passenger.

"Wouldn't own him as a gift."

"Then you infernal, dirty-mean, contemptible whelp, get out!" and with that, the host gave the poor dog such a kick, as sent the animal yelping into the street, amid the roars of the company.

"Wife! why in the name of goodness did you not make the washerwoman put starch in my shirt collar? 'Why my dear,' said the wife, 'I thought it useless waste of the article, for I can get your collar so easily up without it.'

## INDEPENDENCE.

**Messrs. Editors.**—I was rejoiced to see that our sex had at last thrown off the shackles which have bound us for centuries, and issued, in Convention at Seneca Falls, N. Y., a Declaration of Independence. The glorious achievements of both fore-fathers and fore-mothers will hereafter be celebrated by the American people; the former having relieved us from the British, and the latter from the Male Yoke. From some cause, which I cannot at present understand, the following grievances imposed upon us by the other sex, were not embraced in the list published, as emanating from the "Woman's Rights Convention." Will you do me the favor to supply the deficiency, by publishing them in your interesting paper?

1. Ridiculing us, without measure, when we are independent enough to do what they all claim the right of doing themselves, viz: "wear the breeches."

2. Assuming to their own sex the exclusive privilege of riding on horseback in an easy and graceful position.

3. Excluding from the public bar-rooms those of our sex who, as well as their own, should enjoy the privilege, when thirsty, of "taking a drink."

4. Pretending that we cannot with propriety participate in the noise and bustle of popular assemblages, when, in truth, we are more accustomed to bustle than they are themselves.

5. Absurdly imagining that we are not adapted to the pulpit, when they should be aware that there are few of our sex who are not skilled in the management of *bishops*.

I could extend the catalogue indefinitely, but time will not permit me to enlarge. Can you not, Messrs. Editors, help us by saying a good word for us? By doing so, you will greatly oblige many sufferers, and particularly your faithful friend.

NABBY.

**Definition of Nothing.**—At the Donegal assizes, the following humorous cross examination of a witness occasioned much merriment in the court:—

"Mr. Doherty—What business do you follow?" "I am a school-master." "Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?" (Laughter.) "Are you a great favorite with your pupils?" "Ay! truth am I; a much greater favorite than you are with the public." "Where were you this night?" "This night!" said the witness; "there is a learned man for you—this night has not come yet!" "I suppose you mean that night: (Here the witness looked at the judge and winked his eye, as if in triumph.) I presume the 'schoolmaster' was abroad that night doing nothing?" inquired the attorney. "Define nothing," said witness. Mr. Doherty did not comply. "Well," said the learned schoolmaster, "I will define it—it is a footless stocking without a leg." (Roars of laughter in which the judge joined.) "You may go down, sir." Faith, I well believe you're tired enough of me, but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions, to ask, I will answer them.

"The summer is no time to try the strength of affection," said Mrs. Partington; "though it is pretty well to sing love songs beneath a window at midnight in a rain storm, or stand biling and cooling on the door-step till two o'clock in the morning. The winter season is the time. Many's the time my poor Paul has sat five miles to see me, the coldest weather; and often the dear creature has been found in the morning fast asleep in the middle of the cow-yard, with the saddle on his own shoulders, from fatigue of counting me and riding a hard trotting horse. There was devotion. I never see a cow without thinking of poor Paul," and saying which the old lady hobbled to bed.

**THE BRITISH DON'T LIKE GEN. CASS.**—Gen. Cass has unfortunately, says the New York True Sun, encountered the decided hostility of the British press! The Canadian papers are down on his nomination with a malignity of feeling quite equal to that of the Whig press and its coadjutors, and the miserable remnant of the factious Barnburner press. It cannot be forgotten by those in the interest of British power, that Cass was the first man to land in arms, upon British soil, in the last war. The brilliant affair at the Canards still occurs to their unwilling memory! And, above all, they cannot forget that when Minister to France, he heeded the British lion—braving the combined interest of the allied powers—and stood before the astonished world, the proud and triumphant champion of the freedom of the seas! Well may the Hamilton, (Canada West, Spectator) mourn over the selection of a candidate, to use its own words, "so notorious by his hostility to Great Britain and this colony."

**HOW IS IT?**—The Southern Whigs try to persuade us that the South should vote for General Taylor to secure a Southern President and the safety of our institutions.

We should like to know how Southern rights are to be protected by a man who does not believe that the President's opinions should influence Congress, and who declares against the Veto power against any bills for domestic measures! General Taylor is to sit still and let any measure—no matter of what character—pass, which gets the majority of Congress. Could Webster, or Corwin, or Hale, or Birney himself, do more than this? General Taylor volunteers a little time to protect the protection of the Southern rights, but he gives up the Veto power. And, in fact, the only strength the whig nomination will have for good or ill in office, will be the casting votes of Fillmore as Vice President in the Senate. And who doubts how the disciple of John Quincy Adams, the ultra Provisoist, and the advocate of abolition petitions would cast these votes?

**CAN IT BE TRUE?**—The correspondent of the Mobile Tribune writing from Pascagoula where General Taylor now is, repeats a conversation which he alleges was held by General Taylor, which makes him opposed to the extension of "slavery and favorable to the Wilmot Proviso. We will wait a few days to see whether it is not contradicted, for we would be most loth to believe that any Southern man of influence held such views and opinions. We feel bound to say that the letter seems to be a genuine one, but the charge is too serious to be circulated until some little time is given for contradiction. If these are General Taylor's views, his supporters at the South will not number a corporal's guard.

*Columbia Telegraph.*

The amount of Treasury Notes outstanding on the first of September, by the Statement of the Register, was \$12,609,399 31.